

Relics of King Alfred.

An Interesting Display Shown in the British Museum.

THE British Museum, in intelligent anticipation of the Winchester commemoration of King Alfred the Great, arranged a special exhibition of all the relics contained in the national collection relating to Alfred and his times. It is not a large collection, says the London Graphic, but it illustrates the many-sidedness of Alfred's character in a remarkably effective way. The manuscripts naturally appeal more especially to the scholar, but the authorities have taken pains to make them as attractive as possible to the general public. The manuscript copy of the life of St. Neot, in Latin, for instance, is opened at the page in which the story of Alfred and the cakes first makes its appearance, and one of the three fine copies of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" is opened to show the account of the great battle of Ashdown, when Alfred and his brother, Ethelred, defeated the whole army of the Danes at the site which is supposed to be marked by the well-known figure of the white horse cut into the side of the chalk downs of Berkshire, near Andover.

Several of the most precious MSS. bear unmistakable signs of having passed through the ordeal of fire, having suffered severely in the outbreak of the Cottonian Library in 1731. Then there are the laws and charters of

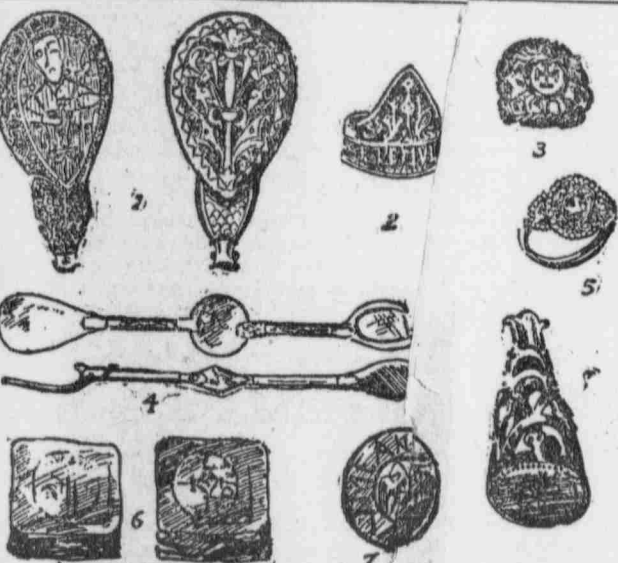
the work of Roman smiths.

But there are other evidences of the skill of these ninth-century craftsmen. A curious silver spoon and a silver ring found among the domestic utensils, and the collection of coins will be another relic worth notice. Examples of the trial-piece, with a cast reverse side for a silver penny of Alfred, from a die bearing the name of Eadulf. This was buried in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1841. The design was apparently rejected and canceled, but a very similar die of the same moneyer was another occasion authorized by the king, as specimens of the mintage of the time. Round the edge of a circular brooch of Saxon workmanship, with an open-work centre, is the inscription, "Aelf-giv me an" (Aelf gives me an), which corresponds to that on the gold ring of Aethelwulf also exhibited. The brooch was found near Chatham in 1822.

The bronze seal of Ethelwald (Bishop of Durham about 850), another of the relics represented in our illustrations, was found at Saffolk, near the site of the monastery, and was subsequently dated by fire. The central device on a silver penny of Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great.

Movement of Stones.

Nearly everyone has observed the jauntily-tilted gravestones that headstones and monuments acquire in old grave yards, and those who have stone walls with insufficient foundation surrounding their premises are



RELICS OF KING ALFRED EXHIBITED: THE BRITISH MUSEUM

- The Alfred jewel (replica), original at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.
Ethelwulf's ring.
Anglo-Saxon ring.
Silver spoon and fork, 800-890, found at Sevington, Wiltshire.
Ring of Ethelwith (sister of Alfred), 880, found in West Riding of Yorkshire.
T. piece for silver penny of Alfred, found in St. Paul's churchyard.
Onment with inscription, "Aelf gifu me an," found in Kent, 1822.
Pze seal of Ethelwald, found at Saffolk.

Alfred, and an early copy of his will in Anglo-Saxon. One of the most interesting volumes is a manuscript copy of the well-known Life of Alfred by Asser—the monk of St. David's, who first came to Alfred's court about 887—opened at the page describing the king's occupations and character.

Of the personal objects by far the most popular is the facsimile of the famous Alfred Jewel, the authenticity of which has just been vouched for by Professor Earle in the elaborate book on the subject published by the Oxford University Press. The professor's opinion is that the jewel must have been made by Alfred's order after his own design, and that it was probably produced of his youth, before he assumed a share in public affairs by the side of his brother, Ethelred.

The collection of Anglo-Saxon rings in the exhibition is remarkable. The massive gold ring of Ethelwulf, King of Wessex, and father of Alfred the Great—discovered at Laverstock and presented to the museum by the Earl of Radnor—and of Alfred's sister, Ethelwith, Queen of Mercia—found in Dorsetshire and presented by the late A. W. Franks—brings us very near to the actual personality of the King and are in themselves wonderful pieces of workmanship for the period to which they belong. So skillful are they, indeed, that it has been suggested that they are more probably

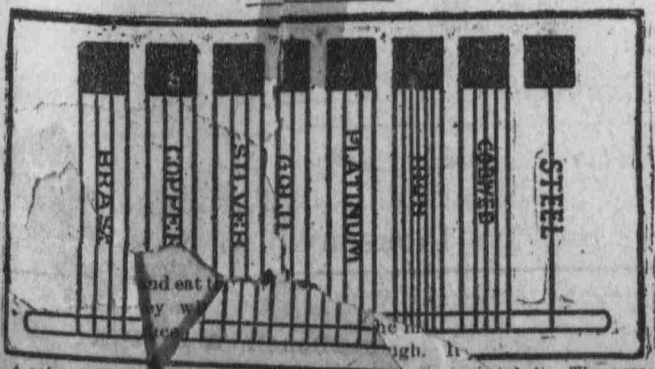
gave trouble at the regularity with which they tumble down. At the last meeting of the Royal Society, of London, the "Small Vertical Movements of Stone Laid on the Surface of the Ground" was discussed by Dr. Horace Darwin. By means of a stone with a hole bored in the centre, through which passed a rod deeply imbedded in the ground and a finely graduatedrometer, readings were taken over considerable period of time. It was found that the movements of the stone



were directly connected with the moisture of the ground. To graphically illustrate this point the accompanying curves were plotted.

In 1900 five cities had more than 102,000 population and less than 103,000—St. Joseph, Omaha, Los Angeles, Memphis and Scranton.

THE STRENGTH OF A COBWEB.



A cobweb is a much stronger thing than most people think it. The same weight may be held up by one steel wire the diameter of the State's four silver wires, four copper wires, four brass wires, and one cobweb.

BLACKSMITHIES

MODELS HAVE BEEN SUPPLANT "HORSESHOEING PARLORS."

Costs of the Old Blacksmith in the Cities—No Place for the Old-Time Horseshoer—Factory-Made Plates and Their Improvements.

What used to be called a smithy in Longfellow's day, is now and then in this city termed "horseshoeing parlor." This indicates the change in the shoeing. In one of these are five forges in a row against the farthest wall; they are whitewashed, and the fires are kept glowing by a patent bellows that is operated by a chain-gear contrivance. The floor is of hard wood, and during office hours one man does nothing but keep it clean.

At each forge two men are at work, and in an office, separated from the main room by a glass partition, sits a man at a roll-top desk. The office is carpeted, and there are a half-dozen upholstered chairs about, and on the walls a series of sporting prints. The man at the desk is the proprietor. His arms are not slung; he does not wear a leather apron, and his sleeves are not rolled up, but he carries a life-insurance policy of \$25,000, owns the land on which his "parlor" stands, and makes about \$15,000 profit annually. He is a type of the "fashionable farrier" of the day.

Other similar places are frequented only by those horses that have their shoes made to order, and that confine their labors to the Speedway and the Park. The proprietor of such a place receives for common workaday sets of shoes for light harness horses \$3.50 a set, and he fits them out with at least one set of new shoes a month. For customers that because of any peculiarity or disorder of the foot require the farrier's personal supervision in the making and fitting of the shoe, the price is anywhere from \$6 to \$15.

Up town there are, however, shops the proprietors of which have not placed their sturdy old trade on the level with barbering and manicuring, by calling their establishments "parlors." And it is to them that that kind of shoeing which the trade terms "scientific" and "artistic" is largely confined. That the intelligence and skill which these men have bestowed upon their work justify in a measure these extravagant terms, no one who knows anything about present-day methods will deny.

In spite of his honesty it is doubtful whether the robust village blacksmith of the poet, were he to return, could find employment in any of the high-class New York shops. Since his time, there have been hundreds of different kinds of shoes invented, all of them have been tried, and about ninety-eight per cent. discarded. The old-time shoer would probably succeed in fitting the rubber pad used at the present time about as well as he would in setting precious stones. It was the introduction of the asphalt pavement that first created a demand for the rubber-pad shoes that are now generally worn by city carriage horses. Their object primarily was to prevent slipping, and to take the place of the old-fashioned heel and toe calks that were effective on cobblestones, but worthless and even dangerous on asphalt.

Gradually these devices were elaborated until now they serve a twofold purpose in preventing slipping, and in relieving jar upon the animal's foot. Hundreds of these rubber contrivances have been invented, but there are not more than a half-dozen that have been found practicable. The manufacturers of the two kinds most popular at present have each made large fortunes from their inventions. To the man, it is said, who will place an absolutely perfect one on the market, there awaits a reward as great as the one that inventors of car-couplers have been striving for for years.

These pads are as much a part of the present-day blacksmith's stock as the shoes and nails. For an entire new set from \$5 to \$8.50 is the average price, and with ordinary everyday use a set will last about four weeks.

Two men are employed on every horse that is being shod—one at the forge shaping the shoe, and the other trimming the foot. Two men can shoe about nine horses in a day, and the average salary for skilled journeymen farriers is \$13 a week. Foremen receive as high as \$25 and \$30.

It is in the shoeing of harness horses that the greatest change has been made in the last few years. When Edward and Dick Swiveller were driven a mile to pole in 2.18 in 1882, both horses wore steel plates weighing about eighteen ounces. The trotting horse now that is driven for a record with plate weighing more than four or five ounces is an exception. The man who shoes it studies, in his leisure time, not a Greek grammar, like Elihu Burritt, but scientific dissertations on the physiology of the horse and the etiology of its ills.—New York Post.

A clever butcher can always make ends meet.

PAPERS HERE AND ABROAD.

Comparison Made Which Is Favorable to American Newspapers.

The American newspaper is, from one point of view, at least, much more open than the English. There is no influence whatever that will induce the average American journalist to suppress what he considers to be news, however embarrassing the disclosure may be to the Government, mortifying to individuals or discreditable to the general reputation of the community. The result of his ferreting out every fact of interest and perfect candor and unshrinking boldness in publishing it is that foreigners obtain the impression from reading American journals that American life in all of its branches—social, political, commercial and financial—is the most corrupt in existence, but this is because all that is bad is dragged into light. If the press of Europe today were as candid, bold and thorough as the American press, there would be spread abroad as deep an impression of corruption in some branches of European life—in the social and financial certainly, perhaps in the commercial, though not in the political—as now prevails about American life.

How long would the American press have refrained from exposing the inefficiency and incompetency which the English themselves admit they have in too many cases shown in the Boer war had that war been one in which the United States was engaged? Unlike the contest with the Boers, the Spanish-American contest was a triumph from beginning to end, and yet this did not deter a pitiless exposure at the moment of every error of judgment and of every instance of corruption that marked its progress. If the Boer war had been an American enterprise, not a single transaction would have been left in the dark. There would have been no veil to tear away from its events when the conflict was over, because no veil would have been permitted to exist from the beginning. Nor would any man have been too high in rank, though secretary of war or commander in chief, to be held up to condemnation if in fault.—Nineteenth Century.

WISE WORDS.

Debt is the only tyrant from which reason flees in terror.

Babbling will do more to make women disliked than all else.

Anyone may hate the wrong, but it requires strength to do the right.

Laughter is the axis of moral health—hysterical noise is not laughter.

It is no crime to assist nature, but to deride her is to be sentenced to death.

Politeness is intended to show good breeding, but it is often used to punctuate satire.

Being distanced in the worldly race, the pessimistic malcontent sets traps for the feet of others.

In order to write well you must not only think, but measure your thoughts to fit the composite mind.

It is better to be loved through the mind than to rule the heart only, for the latter is a deceitful organ.

Persons of wisdom seldom seek opportunity to exploit themselves verbally. The foolish only are garrulous.

To flatter it is necessary to read human nature. Everyone is not fond of honey. A glance or intimation can convey volumes.—Philadelphia Record.

High Speed of Electric Trains.

Indications point to some remarkably high speeds upon electric roads before long, and in Europe instead of this country, which has hitherto taken the lead in electricity.

The high-speed railway between Milan and Varese, Italy, which has been attracting considerable attention of late, is in operation, and the distance of fifty miles is made in fifty minutes. Sixty-six miles an hour has also been maintained. The third rail is used, and power obtained from the River Ticino.

The experimental electric line near Berlin, some eighteen miles in length, over which it is expected to operate cars containing fifty passengers 125 to 150 miles per hour, is to be completed within a few days.

The bill to allow the construction of the Mono-Rail electric line between Liverpool and Manchester, England, has at last passed the House of Commons, having last year run the gauntlet of the House of Peers. A speed of 120 miles an hour is guaranteed for this road.

What It Means to Be "Educated."

Any man is educated who is so developed and trained that, drop him where you will in the world, he is able to master his circumstances and deal with the facts of life so as to build up in himself a noble manhood and be of service to those that are about him. That is what education means; that is what it is for. Knowledge of foreign tongues, a list of historic facts concerning the past, information poured into a man's brain—these things are not education. There are learned fools!—Rev. Minot Savage's Eulogy of Tilly Haynes.

THE PASSING OF PILFERSHIRE.

How a New York Village Got Rid of the Name Given It by a Peddler.

"On the western slope of the Berkshire Hills is a small village which is literally painted red once in every ten or twelve years," writes Mary Y. Patterson, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Twenty-five years before the Battle of Lexington, Sylvanus Cunningham, a peddler of notions, passed through the settlement. His cart was upset and all his wares thrown out in the road. The villagers rushed to his aid, but when he took a hasty inventory of his stock he declared that much was missing, and furthermore denounced the place, and said it should henceforth be known as 'Pifershire.' And thus it was known until 1825, when the village fathers called a meeting to take steps toward throwing off the ignominious name.

"As a substitute some one mentioned 'Red Rock.' This was met by the objection that there were no red rocks in the vicinity. Whereupon a shrewd old man suggested that they could paint one. So a great rock by the roadside was given a coat of deep, rich red, and since that time 'painting day,' which occurs about every dozen years, has been one of the great celebrations in Red Rock's history. It was last painted in the summer of 1899, so that it is comparatively fresh, and the rock itself is not a particle more eternal than the satisfaction of the villagers."

The Crown of the Continent.

George Bird Grinnell describes in the Century what he calls the Crown of the Continent of North America:

Far away in northwestern Montana, hidden from view by clustering mountain peaks, lies an unmapped corner—the Crown of the Continent. The water from the crusted snowdrift which caps the peak of a lofty mountain there trickles into tiny rills, which hurry along north, south, east and west, and growing to rivers, at last pour their currents into three seas. From this mountain peak the Pacific and the Arctic oceans and the Gulf of Mexico receive each of its tribute.

No words can describe the grandeur and majesty of these mountains, and even photographs seem hopelessly to dwarf and belittle the most impressive peaks. The fact that it is altogether unknown, the beauty of its scenery, its varied and unusual fauna, and the opportunities it offers for hunting and fishing and for mountain climbing, give the region a wonderful attraction for the lover of nature.

Beyond the head of the lower lakes wagons cannot go, and the traveler who wishes to reach the heads of any of the streams must leave his wagon and start into the mountain with a pack-train. This means that all his possessions—his food, his bedding, and his camp furniture—must be lashed on the backs of horses or mules, and so carried through the dense forests and up the steep mountain sides. This is a pleasant mode of traveling, though it is slow and entails much more labor than traveling in a wagon. It has, however, the great advantage that it makes one independent. With a pack-train the explorer can go almost where he pleases. Neither dense brush, close-standing timber, nor steep hills furrowed by deep ravines can stop him; wherever a man can ride, a pack-horse can follow.

Real Names For Some Noted Rulers.

Suppose that some morning there should appear in the newspapers such an item as this: "Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Wettin, accompanied by their nephew, Mr. Frederick W. V. A. Hohenzollern, called yesterday from Liverpool for New York." How many people would give more than a passing glance at this announcement? Yet it would be a piece of news calculated to throw the people of New York, and the whole of this country, in fact, into a paroxysm of excitement and feverish expectation, as must be admitted when the names of King Edward VII, Queen Alexandra, and Emperor William of Germany are respectively substituted for the true family names given in the suppositions item. Then there is the youthful matron, Mrs. Henry Schwerin, who wields more power than any other woman of twenty-one now living. She is known to the world as Wilhelmina of Holland, and is the only Queen in the world today with the same powers as a King.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Purity of French Elections.

Venality is wholly exceptional in the French election, whatever may be written to the contrary by the litterateur, who is accustomed to taking striking exceptions as types, says M. Charles Seignobos in the International Monthly. There are not in all France more than twenty electoral districts in which the election is carried by money. I could point them out one by one. They are in the environs of Paris, in the country places of the Pyrenees and of the Alps. It is true that the Conservative candidates often believe themselves obliged to incur large expense, but the electors, even when they profit by them, continue to vote according to their opinions. Money holds very little place in the electoral life of France.